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26



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**Art Editor:** Chantal Newell  
**Section Editors:** Carey Denton, Christine Hatt,  
Vanessa Morgan  
**Designers:** Andy Archer, Jessica Watts  
**Picture Editor:** Lon Gibbons  
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FREE IN  
ISSUE 27  
Spooky  
Pop-up



Next week in

**THE SPINECHILLER**  
Collection

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All the Time in the World

**OUR HAUNTED WORLD**  
New Zealand  
Hair Today, Gone Tomorrow!

**STRANGE BUT TRUE**  
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**CLASSIC SERIAL**  
The Dead Sexton  
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# THE INVITATION



ven though she had only seen photographs of Aunt  
Judith, Caitlyn felt sorry when her dad told her that  
the old woman had passed away. After all, she was a  
relative, no matter how distant.

"Why didn't we ever visit her?" she asked.

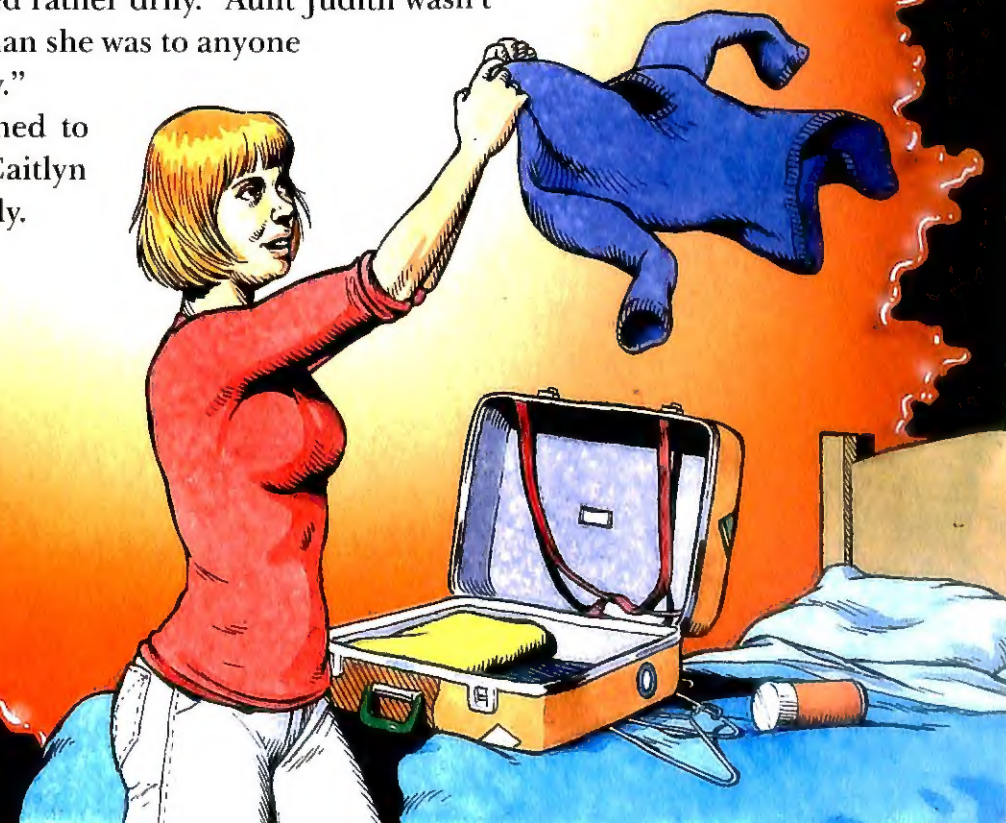
"She was your grandmother's eldest sister, Cait," he  
explained. Caitlyn knew that Grandma Angelica was the  
youngest in a family of ten children. "They were never especially  
close," her father continued. "They hardly saw each other even  
before Judith's daughter disappeared."

Cait looked up with renewed curiosity. "You never told me  
about that."

Her mum stopped packing clothes into the suitcase that lay  
open on the bed. "It happened a long time ago," she said. "More  
than forty years. In fact, I suspect that the reason Judith left her  
estate to us is because you are about the age her daughter was  
the last time she saw her."

"I certainly can't imagine any other possible reason," her  
father commented rather drily. "Aunt Judith wasn't  
any nicer to us than she was to anyone  
else in the family."

"What happened to  
her daughter?" Caitlyn  
asked inquisitively.

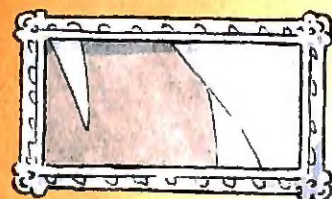




Her dad shook his head. "I don't know. It's some deep, dark family secret. Maybe she just ran away. I don't think we'll ever know for certain. But I do know one thing." A smile crept across his face. "If you don't get packed, young lady, you won't be ready for the trip tomorrow. Then your mum and I will just have to leave you behind here while we find out about our inheritance all by ourselves."

Cait giggled. "I'll be ready. What do you think it's like, Dad?"

"I don't know," he answered. "But we'll find out tomorrow."



**T**he plane trip had been fun, and Cait was enjoying the taxi ride from the airport. They had been driving for almost an hour in some of the most beautiful countryside she had ever seen. Every so often, through wide gaps in the forest of mature trees that grew almost to the edge of the highway, she caught a glimpse of a shimmering, sun-dappled river.

"It's fabulous, Dad," she said excitedly. "Do you think the house is close to the river?"



"The letter said it was. Look," he said, pointing out the window. "You're just about to see for yourself."

As the taxi rounded a curve in the road, a rambling mansion came into view. It was perched on a small rise that descended in a sweep of grass to the river-bank.

"It's lovely," her mother said softly. "Like a picture postcard."

When the taxi pulled up to the old house, it became clear that the place was not exactly perfect. Even in the deepening twilight, the signs of neglect were obvious. Still, Cait couldn't wait to explore. As soon as her bags were safely in her room on the first floor, she ran outside. Standing on the back patio, she could see the calm, grey-green river snaking along at the base of the rise. An old boathouse that seemed on the verge of collapse extended a short way out from the bank. To the left she could see another small building.

"That must be the coach house," she said aloud to herself. The lawyer who was helping to settle the estate had told her parents that Aunt Judith had converted the structure into a tiny flat. A rather surly old man named Howard had lived there for as long as anyone could remember. Howard claimed to have a skin condition that was aggravated by sunlight, so he kept pretty much to himself. But he did have the habit of roaming around late into the night.

It was getting dark now, but Caitlyn wanted to take a closer look at the boathouse. She started to crunch along the hedge-lined gravel path down the hill.

"Where do you think you're going?" a gruff voice called out, startling her.

She wheeled around to face a pale, drawn-looking man.

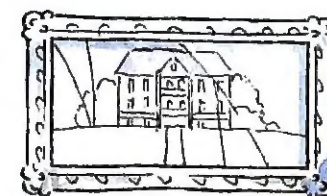


"You have no business out here," he said, squinting down at her.

"I can be anywhere I like," she answered, trying to seem sure of herself. "My family owns this place."

"So you're the new ones," he snarled. "Well, don't say I didn't warn you." He stomped away toward the coach house.

"Well," Cait mumbled. "Pleased to meet you, too."



**W**ithin a week, Caitlyn and her parents had worked wonders with the old house. It was much cheerier already, so her mum had decided to throw a party to get to know the locals and thank everyone for their help.

Caitlyn thought it was a great idea. But now, as she helped her mum carry plates of snacks and listened to the guests talking

about the local elections, she lost her enthusiasm. It seemed that no one had kids her age.

Finally, one conversation caught her attention. Caitlyn settled on the bench next to her dad, who was talking to the woman who ran the village shop. She was telling him about the disappearance of Aunt Judith's daughter.

"Actually, she was only the first to disappear," the woman was saying. "Since then, quite a few people have vanished. Oh, sure, many of them were just passing through town. That could explain some disappearances, but not all. But Judith's girl, well, she was a bit wild." She lifted her eyebrows and looked at Cait. "Nothing like this dear child here."

"What do you think happened to her?" Cait's father asked, trying not to laugh.

"Well, I imagine she just ran off," said the woman. "There was this circus troupe in town... a very odd group of people. Never did actually put on a circus. When they moved on, the girl was gone, too."

Cait smiled politely. "I think I'll go for a walk," she announced, heading outside. It was a lovely summer evening. Cait gazed out at the river and once again the boathouse aroused her curiosity. She had been so busy for the past few days that she hadn't had the time to check it out. No one would miss her if she slipped away and explored for just a few minutes, she thought.

The door to the old wooden building wasn't locked, but the rusty hinges squeaked pitifully as she pushed it open. Once inside, Caitlyn wished she had brought along a torch. She could barely make out the shape of the jetty that extended into the water.



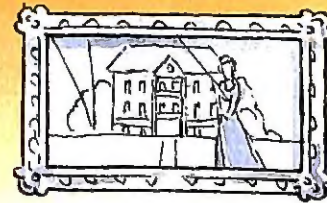
Cait stood silently and listened to water lapping gently at the sodden timbers. The air smelled of damp earth. She stepped toward the dock and the ageing boards creaked under her feet. Suddenly she felt something brushing across her cheek. With a yelp, she jumped back and put her hand to her face.


"Yuck!" she said. "Spiders' webs."  
Concentrating on brushing the sticky



strands from her hair, she was unaware of the pale hand that was reaching gradually out towards her from the gloom. The long fingers were only centimetres from her when she turned her head, hearing her mum calling out to her from the house. Knowing she shouldn't really be away from the party, Cait scrambled hurriedly for the door and raced back up the hill.

A moment later, Howard stepped from the shadows beside the hedge. He stared toward the house as Cait went inside.



 he next evening, Cait was curled up in a big chair near her bedroom window, writing a letter. She glanced out to watch the full moon rise over the horizon, then she noticed a small figure near the boathouse. It looked like a young girl. Cait opened the heavy French doors that led from her room to the patio, and stepped outside to get a better look. The boathouse door was just swinging shut.

"Who could that be?" she asked under her breath.

Grabbing a torch from her bedside table, she went to the riverbank. She edged through the open door, switched on the torch, and gasped. The beam fell on a girl her own age. She was sitting on the edge of the jetty with her bare feet dangling in the cool, dark water.

"I was hoping you'd come," the girl said without turning around.

Cait didn't move. "Who are you?" she demanded.

"Colleen." The girl stood and turned, smiling. "I live in the big green house just down the river. Do you know it?"

Cait nodded.

"My parents have forbidden me to come here. But when I heard that you had moved in, I just had to. There's nobody around here to talk to in the holidays. I thought maybe we could just be secret friends. My family wouldn't have to know."



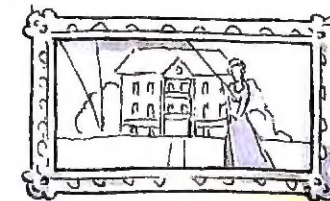
some unknown reason had decided to stay. How Aunt Judith had convinced her that Howard was one of the undead and had been responsible for her own daughter's horrible death to satisfy his thirst for blood.


Cait relaxed and studied the girl for a moment. "Why don't your mum and dad want you to come here?"

Colleen looked down at the water. "Because of all the things that have happened. And because of Howard." She looked up again into Cait's eyes. "He's a vampire, you know," she said seriously.

"What?" Cait couldn't help but giggle. "He's weird all right, but he's harmless. Did your parents really tell you that he was a vampire?"

"No," Colleen answered solemnly. "Ms Judith did."



 n bed that night, Caitlyn couldn't fall asleep. She kept thinking about all the strange things that Colleen had told her. How she had befriended Aunt Judith when everyone else thought she was just a crazy old lady. How Howard had come to town with the circus forty years before, and for

Colleen claimed that the reason Aunt Judith had tolerated Howard's presence was so that she could gather proof against him. More importantly, she had vowed to find his coffin, burn it, and so avenge her poor daughter. According to Colleen, once the coffin was destroyed, the vampire's evil existence would end.

"Now that Ms Judith is gone," Colleen had whispered, "it's up to me to find the coffin and burn it."

"That's ridiculous," Caitlyn had scoffed. "There's no such thing as vampires."

"If you want proof, you can read all about it in Ms Judith's private papers," Colleen had assured her. "They're in a small wooden chest she kept at the end of her bed."

Before Caitlyn left the boathouse, she had promised to meet her new friend the following night. Knowing that her parents had arranged to be out for most of the evening, she told Colleen they should meet at the house.





At breakfast the next morning, Cait asked her parents if they had ever seen a wooden chest in Aunt Judith's room.

"Yes. It was filled with old papers and books," her dad told her. "It's in the attic now with the rest of her things. Why?"

Caitlyn smiled sweetly. "I'm just curious about her. Do you think it would be all right if I had a look?"

Her dad shrugged. "Be my guest."

Moments later, Cait was sitting in the attic with the chest open in front of her and piles of papers scattered on the floor. Colleen had been right. The chest was filled with letters, old photos of Aunt Judith and various people, and books on vampire legends, as well as newspaper articles about local disappearances.

Caitlyn opened a very ornate book and read from one of the pages.

'...capable of taking many forms such as an animal, or a puff of smoke, but they may not enter a home in any form unless they are invited. The undead are capable of inhuman strength, but they are nevertheless vulnerable. They cannot survive in the light of day...'

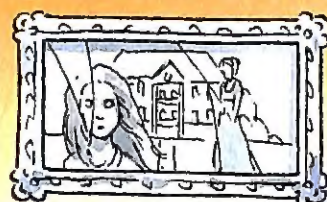
She stopped, remembering how Howard supposedly had a disease that prevented him from going out in the sun. She continued to read.

'... and a vampire must return to its coffin by sunrise, or cease to exist.'

Cait let the book drop to her lap.

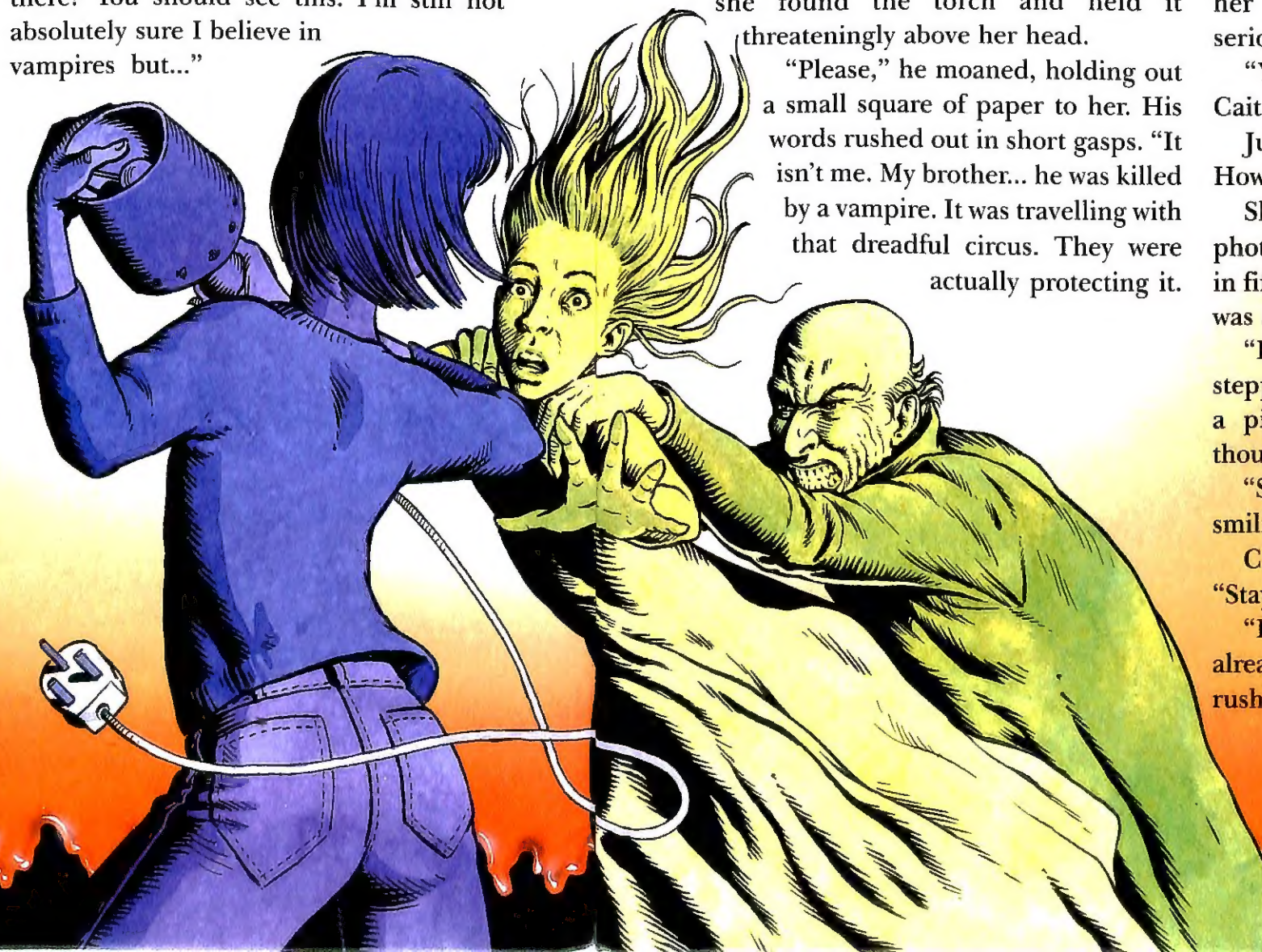
"This can't be true." Then her gaze fell on something in the chest that glinted in the dim attic light. It was a small silver picture frame. She took it out and held it cupped in one hand. The frame was decorated with tiny curls and swirls, but the glass was broken and the picture was

missing. She took the beautiful old frame and a few of the books, thinking that Colleen might want to see them.



That evening Caitlyn said good-bye to her parents when they left for town, then she opened the French doors in her bedroom. She was busy studying one of the books she had found, when she had the creepy feeling that she was being watched. Looking up, Cait was startled to see Colleen just standing at the open door.

"You scared me," Caitlyn laughed nervously. "Why are you just standing out there? You should see this. I'm still not absolutely sure I believe in vampires but..."



Colleen took a step, then suddenly from the darkness outside came a horrible cry.

"NOOOOOOOOO!!!" Howard screamed, hurling himself at Colleen and dragging her to the ground.

"HELP!" the struggling girl shrieked. "CAITLYN! HELP ME!"

Without thinking, Cait picked up the nearest thing, a table lamp, and threw it at the old man. It glanced off the side of his head. He released his hold on Colleen, and she scrambled away from him.

Rolling to one side, Howard laboured to rise to his feet, then he stumbled toward Cait. Blood oozed from a wound on his head where the lamp had struck him.

"Get away from me," she warned. "I know what you are. You're a vampire." Sliding her hands slowly across the table, she found the torch and held it threateningly above her head.

"Please," he moaned, holding out a small square of paper to her. His words rushed out in short gasps. "It isn't me. My brother... he was killed by a vampire. It was travelling with that dreadful circus. They were actually protecting it.

I found out about them and destroyed the monster, but it was too late. The girl... she was already infected by the evil." The old man tried to steady himself against the table. "And all of these years, Judith guarded her, even though she knew what she had become. I... I couldn't..." His feet buckled under him completely, and he fell unconscious to the ground.

Cait knelt by his side and pressed a T-shirt to his bleeding head. She looked up at Colleen, who was still standing in the doorway. "We were wrong, Colleen. He's no vampire. Help me."

"What do you want me to do?" Colleen answered in a strange voice.

"The telephone is over there. Call for help," Cait said.

"Are you inviting me in?" asked Colleen, her voice oddly calm considering the seriousness of the situation.

"Yes, of course I want you to come in," Cait said frantically. "How else can you..."

Just then Cait took the paper from Howard's limp hand. It was a photograph.

She stared in astonishment at the old photo. It was of a fairly young Aunt Judith in fifties-style clothes. Standing next to her was a girl.

"It can't be!" Caitlyn gasped, as Colleen stepped slowly over the threshold. "This is a picture of you! But how? Everyone thought you were dead!"

"Something like that," Colleen said, smiling and showing her fangs.

Cait cowered helplessly in the corner. "Stay away!" she begged.

"It's too late," Colleen hissed. "You've already invited me in." And with that, she rushed at the screaming girl.

THE END



## OUR HAUNTED WORLD



On a huge plateau in the Himalayas lies Tibet, one of the world's remotest places. Tibetans believe their land is teeming with demons!

### TRAINING FOR SPEED

A special Tibetan training called lung-gom involves mental concentration and breathing exercises. These allow a person to travel over vast distances in days rather than months. One famous lung-gom master was said to run faster than a horse! Writer Alexandra David-Neel described a person moving this way as being in a trance: "The man did not run. He seemed to lift himself from the ground, proceeding by leaps. It looked as if he had been endowed with the elasticity of a ball and rebounded each time his feet touched the ground." The man continued for days on end, without needing to stop for rest or food.

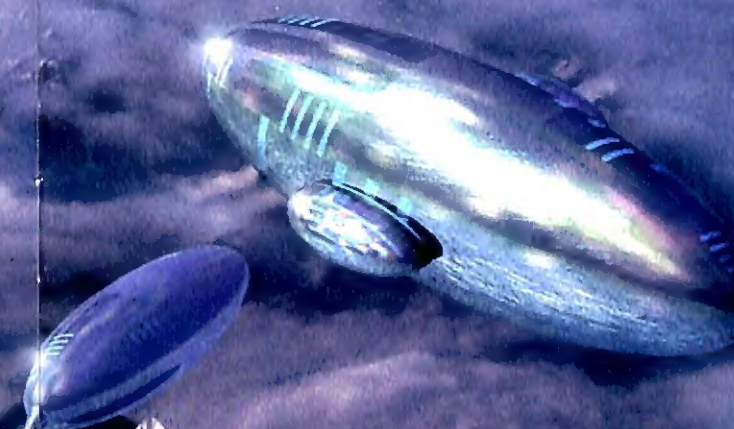


### SCARY MASKED DANCERS

The mask worn by this Tantric monk represents the face of a guardian deity. The mask has to be scary to frighten away demons. The dancing monks who take part are very skilful, and their bodies are as flexible as those of acrobats. The accompanying musicians play brass horns, reed instruments, drums and bells, as well as grisly horns made from hollowed human thigh bones!

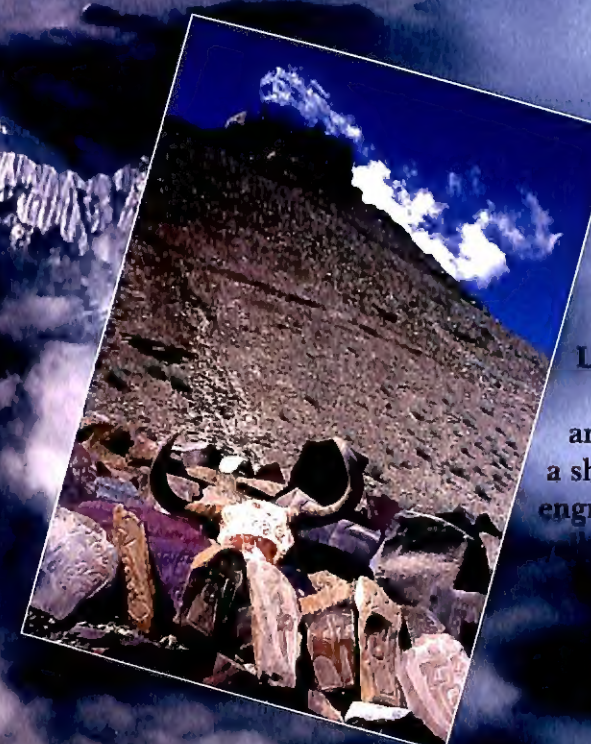
### HIMALAYAN UFOs?

When mountaineer Frank Smythe was climbing in the Himalayas in 1933, he saw two curious-looking objects in the sky. He described them as being shaped like kite-balloons. One of them appeared to have short wings, while the other had something that looked like a beak sticking out. They hovered without moving, sharply silhouetted against the sky, and seemed to pulsate slowly. Smythe put himself through all sorts of mental tests to make sure that the UFOs weren't optical illusions, and the objects remained in view until mist suddenly obscured them. When the mist lifted a couple of minutes later, the two UFOs had disappeared.



### PILGRIMS' CARVED COLLECTION

Beneath the ruins of the monastery at Long Zhu Que Dan, in Ritu County, an extraordinary collection of messages and prayers has been left by pilgrims at a shrine. Their words have been carefully engraved on to fragments of the old stone walls and pieces of wood, and even carved into the bones of dead animals.



### DEAD DEMONS ON THE RAFTS?

Meditating beneath a bizarre array of stuffed animal and human heads is a Bon monk at the Tangna temple. Before Buddhism, Bon was the early religion of Tibet. Animals were brought to the Bon temple as offerings, and those believed to have been demons were preserved, stuffed and hung from the roof!





# NOT YETI...

A cameraman friend of a friend went with a TV team to the Himalayas...

**1** The crew wanted to talk to local people about the Yeti – also called the Abominable Snowman. The Tibetan name for it is Kangmi.

**2** They interviewed a girl who had lost five of her yaks when a Yeti attacked...



...other herdsmen showed the team a fur pelt, said to be a real Yeti scalp...



...and one woman declared that a whole family of Yetis had raided her grain store!



**3** The guy filmed all of these witnesses' tales in utter disbelief. He thought the Yeti hunt was a wild goose chase.

*What a load of old rubbish!*



**4** The cameraman was in charge of food supplies as well as the film equipment. One night, feeling homesick, he ate the team's entire chocolate rations!



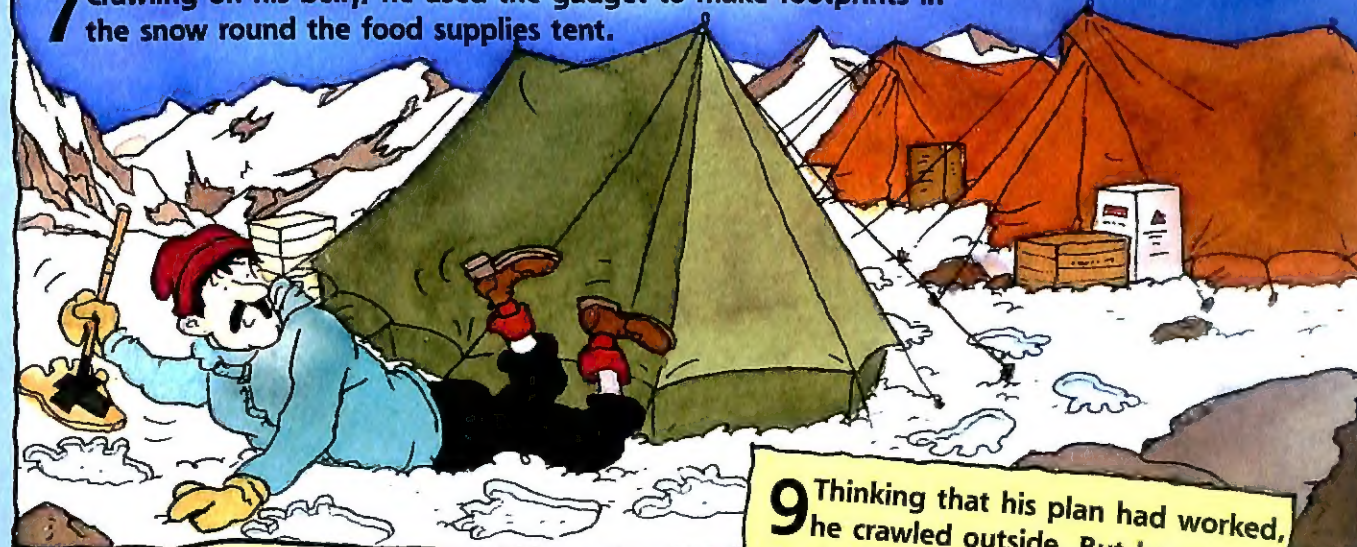
**5** Feeling a bit sick, then rather guilty, he had the idea of blaming a Yeti.



**6** He cut the shape of a Yeti-type foot from a piece of cardboard, which he taped to a tent pole.



**7** Crawling on his belly, he used the gadget to make footprints in the snow round the food supplies tent.



**8** Next day, he awoke to an excited voice shouting, "The supplies tent has been raided! There are Yeti footprints!"



**9** Thinking that his plan had worked, he crawled outside. But he was shocked to see some prints that he had not made! They went all round his tent – frighteningly close – then led off into the snow-covered hills!



**10** And that is how this particular myth of the chocolate-loving Yeti started. It is also the reason why the cameraman never again scoffed at tales of mystery mountain beasts!





# ATLANTIS

**Special Investigation File: 26**

**Subject: a mysterious lost continent**

**SpineChiller creates a file**

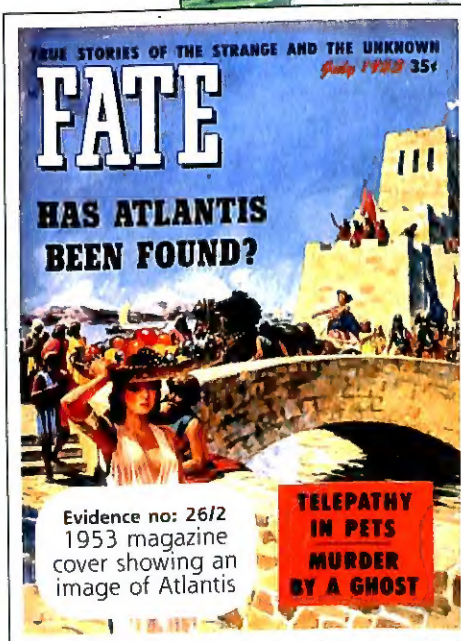
## BACKGROUND INFORMATION

The legend of Atlantis has been passed down through the ages. The story was first told by an Egyptian priest in about 600BC and was even written about by the famous philosopher Plato, who lived in ancient Greece.

The story told of a huge continent called Atlantis. It was said to be located in the Atlantic Ocean and to control a large empire. Atlantis had once attacked Europe and Asia. Greek forces had fought back, but before either side could win, Atlantis was destroyed.

This is how Plato described the destruction of Atlantis: '...terrible earthquakes and floods occurred. In one dreadful night and day the entire Athenian army was swallowed up by the earth, while the island of Atlantis was likewise engulfed by the sea and disappeared.'

Ever since Plato's time, people have argued about whether Atlantis actually existed, and if so, where and when.



Evidence no: 26/2  
1953 magazine cover showing an image of Atlantis



Evidence no: 26/1  
Artist's impression of what Atlantis may have looked like

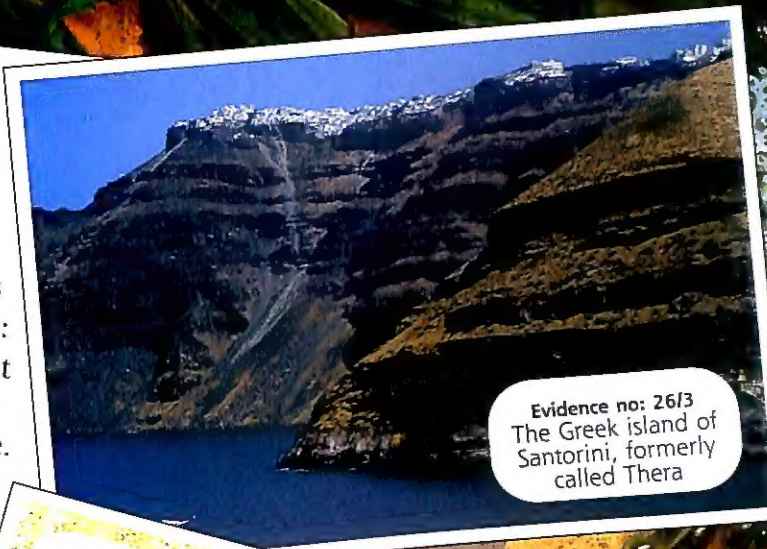
Dear Nancy  
Washington, 1882  
Congressman Ignatius Donnelly has just written a fascinating book called *Atlantis: The Antediluvian World*. It's all about an ancient continent that existed before the great flood mentioned in the Bible. Donnelly believes Atlantis was in the mid-Atlantic, where the Azores are now. Its civilization supposedly spread from the Americas to

Egypt. I found Donnelly's ideas convincing, but some say they are a jumble of myths and unlikely theories. Do read it and tell me what you think.  
With best wishes  
Caroline

## SECRETS OF SANTORINI

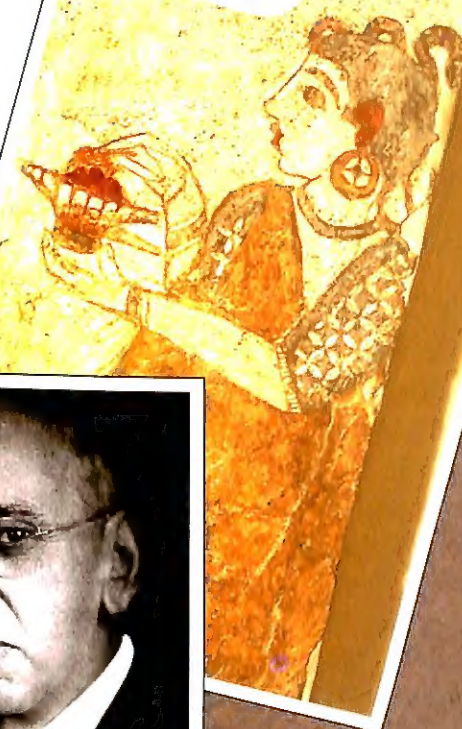
In 1967, Professor Spyridon Marinatos began excavations on the Greek island of Santorini, formerly known as Thera. Other archaeologists soon followed in his footsteps. These were their main findings:

- 1 Thera had been a centre of the ancient Minoan civilization, named after King Minos, legendary ruler of nearby Crete.
- 2 It contained the ruins of a magnificent city, whose buildings had been decorated with beautiful frescoes.
- 3 A series of earthquakes followed by a spectacular volcanic eruption and towering tidal waves destroyed the city in about 1500BC.
- 4 Although in the Mediterranean not the Atlantic, Thera may have been Atlantis, as its destruction took place just as Plato described.



Evidence no: 26/3  
The Greek island of Santorini, formerly called Thera

Evidence no: 26/4  
An ancient fresco from Thera



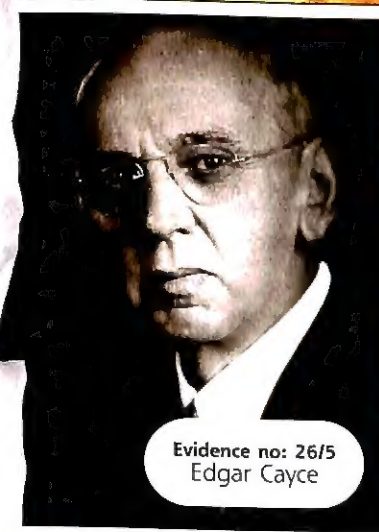
## December 1968 ATLANTIS UNCOVERED?

The prediction made in 1940 by American psychic Edgar Cayce that the lost continent of Atlantis would be re-discovered in 1968 may have come true.

As Cayce predicted, the location of the recent discovery is in the Bahamas in the Atlantic Ocean.

Earlier this year, a diver called Bonefish Sam spotted some very strange objects in the sea around the islands. Investigation of the seabed revealed rows of regularly shaped stones. These are now known as the Bimini Road, after the nearby island of North Bimini.

Some people believe that the road was once part of Atlantis. But many geologists argue that it is simply a collection of rocks that have been shaped by erosion.



Evidence no: 26/5  
Edgar Cayce

## CONCLUSION

Nobody has yet proved that Atlantis was a real place. Although Thera is a possible site for the missing continent, it is not in the Atlantic, as Plato stated. The Bahamas are in the right place, but there is no evidence for a huge landmass ever having been there. The arguments against Atlantis have not discouraged enthusiasts. They continue to explore, convinced that the ancient myth of the paradise land will one day be proved true.

Unexplained



CLASSIC



SERIAL

Chapter 1

# The Dead Sexton

Retold from a story by Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu

Early one evening, a boy from the village of Golden Friars in Northumbria was returning home from a day out on the fells. He was walking along the lake shore, flinging stones at the water, when suddenly he noticed a darkly dressed figure. It was sitting on a low branch, hunched over something.

As the boy drew nearer, he recognised the thin, surlly face of Toby Crooke, the village sexton. He seemed to be counting out silver coins with his long, bony fingers. The boy tried to creep by, but the sexton glanced up as he was passing and gave him an even more sinister look than usual. The boy broke into a run, and did not stop until he reached home.



None of the children in the village dared speak to the sexton. They never saw him smile or laugh or even hold a proper conversation. The bullet scar over his eye frightened them, even though the doctor said that Crooke must have received the wound as a soldier. But nobody in Golden Friars knew where he had been or what he had done during the 12 years that he had been absent from the village. The children had also heard many stories about his strange behaviour and wild temper as a young man. So they kept well clear of his grey stone house beside the church.

Later that evening, the sexton's landlady, who had been sound asleep in her ground-floor bedroom, woke with a start. She could see the dark outline of a man with his back to her. He held a candle in one hand and seemed to be rummaging in the drawer where she kept her money.

Although she was frightened, she called out in a loud voice, "In God's name, what do you want there?" As the man turned to face her, the woman recognised the thin face of her lodger.

"Where's the peppermint you used to have in your bedroom, woman? I've got a pain in my innards," he said gruffly.

The woman explained that the



peppermint was finished, but that she would make him a hot drink if he liked. But he told her not to bother, and strode out of the room.

In the morning, the local vicar knocked at the landlady's door. He said that the sexton, who was normally very punctual, had not turned up to open the church. The two of them went to check his room, but he was not there.

Puzzled, the vicar made inquiries in the village, but no one had seen the missing man. Then, in the middle of the afternoon, two boatmen rang the bell of the vicarage. When the vicar appeared, they showed him a small, heavy church bell, which they had carried up from the lake shore.

"We think this is from the church steeple, Sir," said one. "We found it at the bottom of our boat, hidden under a piece of canvas along with the sexton's pick and spade. And the boat was not in her usual mooring place either, Sir."

The bell was indeed about the same size as those that hung in the church tower. There was still no sign of the sexton, so the vicar hurried inside to get the key, then set off with the boatmen for the church. As he unlocked the door of the church porch, he spotted a sack, lying open on the floor. There was a length of rope beside it.

Without stopping to investigate, he pushed open the door that led to the tower. Feeling his way in the gloom, he started to climb the spiral stairs. Halfway up, there was a platform whose stone floor was illuminated by a shaft of light streaming in through an arrow-slit. The vicar stepped on to the platform and asked the boatmen to continue to the top to count the bells. But before he could finish, one of the men let out a gasp.

"What on earth is that?" he cried, pointing to a dark mound on the far side of the platform.

The vicar stepped across and bent down to feel it. To his horror, he found that he was touching the cold face of a dead man.

Underlined words are explained in WORD POWER.



With the help of the boatmen, he dragged the body into the light. Instantly, he recognised the lifeless figure of his sexton, Toby Crooke. There was a deep gash across his pale forehead.

The vicar sent the boatmen to fetch the doctor. When he arrived, he examined the body and announced that the sexton had been dead for many hours. His neck had been broken and his skull fractured by a terrible blow to his forehead. It did not take the men long to find the source of the blow. Lying on its side by the wall was a heavy church bell with blood and tufts of hair on the rim.

The boatmen carried the body down the stairs and out into the churchyard, while the vicar and doctor followed behind. When they reached the porch, the vicar saw the sack again and noticed that it was half full of bulky

objects. He started to pull them out one by one. The first to emerge was a silver chalice belonging to the church, then a silver salver, a gold pencil case, silver spoons and various other precious items. The doctor recognised the silver salver. It had gone missing from his house a month earlier. The vicar recognised the pencil case, which he had lost some time before.

They followed the boatmen to the George and Dragon Inn, where the body was to be laid in the coach-house. As they walked, they began to piece together the events that had led up to the sexton's death. Over the past few months, Crooke had clearly stolen the objects that were now in the sack. It seemed that he had then planned to get away with his hoard, plus several of the church bells, by boat.

"He must have slipped on his way down the stairs and fallen backwards on to the platform, breaking his neck on the stone floor," explained the doctor. "The bell seems to have struck his forehead, then rolled away."

The word spread right through the village that the sexton had met a nasty end. Soon villagers crowded into the inn to see the body and to discuss the event. Over drinks, some said that they were sure Crooke was the highwayman who had killed a coachman on Hounslow Heath a couple of months before. Others claimed that he was the killer of a young girl over at Scarsdale.

When night fell, Tom Scales, the hostler, locked the door of the coach-house and put the key in his pocket. Then he stood outside the front door of the inn, smoking his pipe. The evening was very still, and a bright moon hung in the frosty sky. Suddenly he could hear a horse's hooves approaching at a gallop. He could tell that the horseman



was travelling on the Dardale road, which entered the village beyond the bend at the vicarage. But although he was watching the road keenly, he did not see the rider coming round the bend. The next thing he knew, the horseman was thundering along the straight section of road between the vicarage and the inn.

Tom Scales had never seen a horse gallop so fast, yet when the rider dismounted, the huge black charger had no trace of sweat on him. Indeed, it pawed the ground and snorted as if it was impatient to be off again.

"Take him, lad," commanded the stranger in a deep voice. "No need to walk him or rub him down – he never sweats or tires." Tom Scales noticed that the man was dressed in a cape, a cocked hat and jackboots, just like someone from days gone by. But he said nothing and led the horse into the yard.

As they passed the door of the coach-house, the animal stopped dead. Then it pawed the ground and lowered its head, as if it was listening for sounds from inside. Next it threw back its head and gave a piercing neigh, which sent a shiver down Tom Scales' back. The hostler tugged at the horse, anxious to get it into the stable quickly. He had never felt nervous with a horse before, but this one was different. It seemed to sense that there was a dead man behind the door. Worse, it seemed to be trying to communicate with the corpse.

## WORD POWER

fells – hills or high moors

surly – bad-tempered; grumpy

sexton – a church caretaker

chalice – a cup used for communion wine

salver – a tray

hostler – a person who looks after horses at an inn

charger – a fast, powerful horse

cocked hat – a three-cornered hat

jackboots – high leather boots, often covering the knees



NEXT ISSUE:

What does the mystery horseman want?





## CLOSE ENCOUNTER

Unravel the riddle to come face to face with something out of this world!

The first letter's in SATURN  
and also in MARS.  
The second's in PLANET  
but not in STARS.  
The third is in JUPITER,  
not SUN or MOON.  
The next is in VENUS,  
you'll find it soon.  
The last is missing from  
COSMIC and SPACE  
But search in NEPTUNE,  
for that's the right place!

## WEIRDEST ONE!

As if these three intergalactic  
travellers aren't weird enough, the  
spearless alien is different from the  
other two in four ways. Dare you  
stay long enough to find out how?

## SIGNAL FROM SPACE

These unworlthy visitors are trying to  
transmit a message. It looks like an  
unearthly language. But examine it closely  
and see if you can work out what it says,  
by finishing writing each symbol. There are  
two clues to help you get started.

## FASCINATING FACTS

Alleged reports of UFO sightings are  
often found to be no more than strange  
cloud formations, weather balloons, aircraft,  
stars, planets or even mischievous hoaxes.  
But with such sightings occurring all over  
the world and since the earliest times,  
it is estimated that about 10%  
cannot be readily explained!

## UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECTS

Five small parts (numbered 1 to 5) of  
the UFO are missing. Can you find  
them and fit them in their correct  
places on the craft?

=S E=E  
K L C A T V C  
E D A P E  
E A K P L V C



## STAR SPANGLED NIGHT

Here are three zodiac constellations in the night sky. Unscramble the letters to find their well-known names.

1 BARLI 2 ROVIG 3 RIATGASSUIT



## SNATCHED INTO SPACE!

What is another word for being taken by extra-terrestrials? To find out, choose the first or last letter – remember, you must pick the right one – of each item listed on the planet Earth. Then write it in the corresponding box.

## FREAKY FACTS

In 1983, a 77-year-old man, doing a spot of night fishing at Basingstoke Canal in Hampshire, England, claimed that he'd been invited aboard an alien spacecraft which had landed close to the towpath. He'd just made himself a cuppa when he noticed the bright lights descending. His dog snarled as the small beings, wearing green overalls and visors approached. He went aboard but was duly told: "You can go. You are too old and infirm for our purpose." When he returned his dog was quiet and his cup of tea was stone cold.

### ANSWERS

CLOSE ENCOUNTER: The answer is alien  
WEIRDEST ONE: He is beardless, has a forked tongue,  
a tooth missing and a curl on his tail.  
UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECTS: 1 top right, among the  
mees; 2 centre right, among trees (close to woman's  
hair); 3 just beneath noddled boy's right arm; 4  
centre foreground, appears as a mound on the earth.  
5 immediately beneath Close Encounter puzzle.  
SIGNAL FROM SPACE: You cannot escape Earthlings.  
STAR SPANGLED NIGHT: The zodiac constellations  
are Libra, Virgo and Sagittarius.  
SNATCHED INTO SPACE: Abducted



# 11 TIMESLIPS

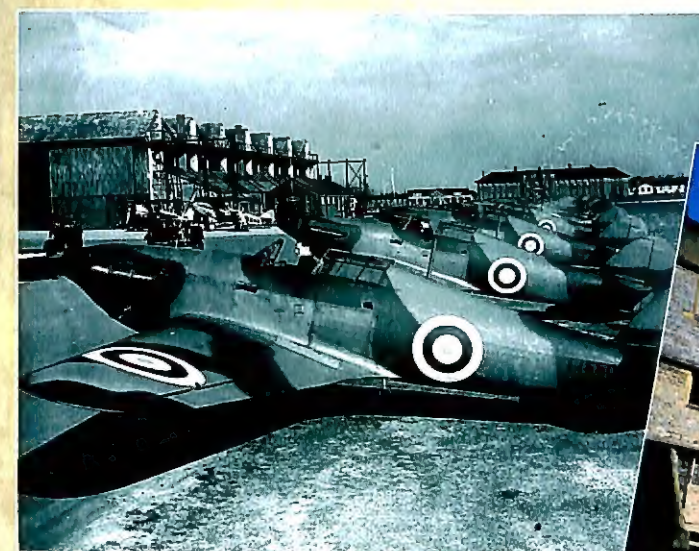
Time was invented to help us organise our lives. We divide years into months, months into weeks, weeks into days and days into hours so that we know, for example, how old we are, when school term starts and when the holidays begin.

There are some people who claim to have stepped right outside time, finding themselves back in the past or forward in the future. Are these claims as unbelievable as they sound or could they really be true?

## PAST TIMES

Joan Forman, a writer who collected stories about these so-called timeslips, experienced her own slip in time at Haddon Hall, Derbyshire. She was admiring the front of the building when she suddenly saw four children at the top of the steps. In particular, she noticed the oldest girl, who had long blonde hair and was wearing a white Dutch hat and a grey-green dress with a lace collar. When the girl turned round, she was a plain child with a broad face. Inside the house was a painting of a baby in a grey-green dress with a lace collar – and a very broad face! She turned out to be Lady Grace Manners of Haddon Hall. Had the author seen a long-dead Lady of the Manor?

▼ BACKWARD GLANCE  
Haddon Hall, Derbyshire,  
has hundreds of years of  
history to slip back into.



▲ PLANE WEIRD!  
A pilot spotted a  
grounded Hurricane  
plane in 1934 – but  
they only came into  
operation in 1935.

## FUTURISTIC FLY-BY

Some people claim to have slipped into the future. In 1934, Victor Goddard was flying from Scotland to England when he lost his bearings in bad weather. He knew that if he could find Drem, an old airfield that was now a farm, he'd be able to find his way again. He found Drem but it looked very strange. It was bathed in sunlight, despite the storm.

A bright yellow monoplane was on the tarmac and he saw ground crew in blue uniforms. So, what was so strange? Firstly, the first monoplane, the Hurricane, did not fly until 1935. And secondly, the ground crew uniform in 1934 was khaki. However, four years later, Drem opened as a flight training centre and, by then, Hurricanes were operational and ground crew uniform had changed to RAF blue.



#### ◀ TIMESLIP COMMUNICATION

Can science explain why a radio message sent from the 'Queen Mary', shown here on her final voyage in 1967, was picked up years later in 1978?



#### SEEING YOU SEEING ME

If a person slips into another time, do the people in that time see them? Matthew Manning, an English psychic, encountered an 18th-century man in his house. The apparition explained that he was Robert Webbe, who had built part of the house. Manning thought he was a ghost, but when he told Webbe that he existed in the past, Webbe became distressed and called Manning a 'ghoul of tomorrow'. Obviously each thought they were being haunted by the other – but in this case it seems that a two-way timeslip had occurred.

#### OVER BUT NOT OUT

Perhaps one day we'll understand how timeslips happen. In 1978, the radio officer of the liner 'QE2' picked up a message from the 'Queen Mary' – eleven years after the old ship had been taken out of service!

He deciphered the message and found that it was a routine position check sent out from the old ship. There was no doubt that the message came from a previous age. Was this a timeslip experience... or is there a scientific explanation?

Sometimes radio signals bounce off the moon and end up in a completely different part of the world from the one intended. Did this message go whizzing off into space for years before finding its way back to earth?

#### OUT OF TIME

Timeslips describe what happens when information from the past or the future is sent to the present. This information may be stored in buildings, in people, in animals and, like light and radio waves, it may travel through the atmosphere as electromagnetic waves. Those people who are tuned in can receive it. Timeslips may also be produced by the brain as a type of hallucination or dream. But because our knowledge of both the universe and the human brain is limited, how timeslips happen remains a mystery.

#### ▼ CHEATING TIME

In 'Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure' two students use a time machine to abduct people like Socrates from the past, to help them with their homework!

